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# Between

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High  
on that hill in Oakland,  
steeped in sweet oranges and roses  
blooming in the yard.

Across the street, a cluster of raspberry bushes clung  
to the neighbor's steep yard,  
tangled with vines  
and roots of the manzanita trees.

In the mornings, the deck high above the ground  
was wrapped in fog.  
The air fisty and cool, scented with sand and seaweed  
and fish from San Francisco Bay.

In warmer afternoons, we played hide-and-go-seek  
and sardines (too many people in one tiny hiding place,  
breaths swirling together in the darkness).

My favorite hiding spot in between  
the wall and the closet  
in my grandparent's bedroom.

Paused at Nana's vanity table,  
touched the glass perfume bottle  
and matching mirror and brush,  
soft bristles tangled with strands  
of my hair and her hair.

I slipped my body into the hiding space  
both walls pressing against me,  
holding me secure.